

# Orangeburg Times.

\$2. PER ANNUM, }

"ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM; GOD AND NATURE BID THE SAME."

{ IN ADVANCE.

Vol. 1

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1872.

No. 31

## THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

Is published every  
WEDNESDAY,  
AT  
ORANGEBURG, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA  
BY  
**FRANK P. BEARD.**

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## TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.  
PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY, BY  
**F. P. BEARD, Editor and Proprietor.**

TERMS  
One year - \$2.00  
Six months - 1.00

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COATS, PANTS AND HATS, &c.,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

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**JAMES ALLAN,**  
No. 307 KING STREET,  
Invites special attention to his new,  
large and elegant stock of  
Leontine, Opera Neck and Vest Chains,  
may 8-3 mos.

## Kirk Robinson,

DEALER IN  
Books, Music and Stationery, and Fancy  
Articles,  
AT THE ENGINE HOUSE,  
ORANGEBURG, C. H., S. C.  
mch 6-

## ALEX. Y. LEE,

ARCHITECT,  
Columbia S. C.,

## ATTENTION ALL.

Persons indebted to me by open Account,  
Note, Bond and Mortgage or Lien, are  
notified that they MUST make payment by the  
first day of October next, or their papers will  
be placed in the hands of my Attorney for col-  
lection. I am in dead earnest.

I also offer

## FOR SALE,

At ten per cent Discount on Cost,

## SIX THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND.

Situated in Orangeburg County, including the  
property known as the Whitmore Soap Factory,  
and other Lots in the Town of Orangeburg,  
also one valuable tract of land containing six  
hundred acres, situated in Aiken County. One  
three hundred acre tract situated in Lexington  
County. One tract containing one hundred  
and thirty acres situated on John's Island. All  
of which lands were bought cheap and will  
be sold for cash ten per cent below cost.  
THAD. C. ANDREWS-  
aug 27.-11.

## DR. D. L. BOOZER,

Surgeon Dentist,  
Is prepared to execute his professional work  
in the neatest and most perfect manner.

Office over Duffie & Chapman's,  
Opposite the Columbia Hotel,  
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DENTAL SURGEON,  
Graduate, Baltimore College Dental  
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Office, Market street, Over Store of J. A. Hamilton  
feb 14

## POETRY.

### LITTLE LIFTERS.

"Dear ye one Another's Burden."

Did you know my darling children  
There was work for you to do,  
As you tread life's flowery pathway,  
'Nenth skies of brightest blue?  
Your tiny hands so feeble,  
May powerless appear,  
But they often lighten burdens  
The strongest scarce can bear.

You all are "Little Lifters,"  
Who with loving zeal will try  
To help the weak and weary,  
And dry the tearful eye;  
And though you lift but little,  
Faint not, but lift again,  
The hardest rock is worn  
By the constant dripping rain.

And when you sing to baby,  
Till he gently falls to sleep;  
Or comfort little sister,  
Till her blue eyes cease to weep;  
Or tie up Johnnie's shoe strings,  
And shielding her from care.

And when father, tired and weary,  
Comes home to rest at night,  
Draw up for him the easy chair,  
And make the fire burn bright,  
Though small the deeds of kindness,  
And low the words of love,  
The recording angel writes them  
In glowing lines above.

Then love and help each other,  
For to you this charge is given,  
And in lifting other's burdens,  
You lift your souls to heaven.

## SELECTED STORY.

From "Our Fireside Friend."

### A STUDENT'S STORY.

BY S. READE BROCKTON.

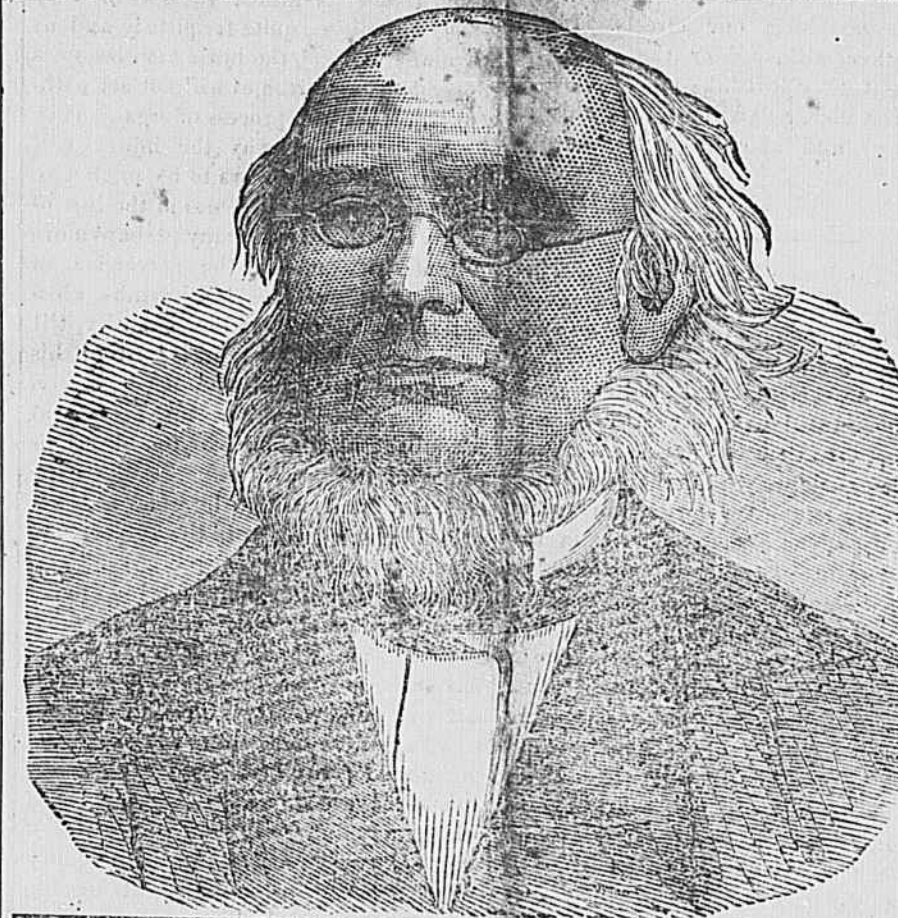
Yes, medical students once in a while  
have an adventure. Sometimes it is no  
more than a shy flirtation with the rosy-  
cheeked damsel across the way, who re-  
wards our pantomimic devotion by throw-  
ing us shy kisses from the pink tips of  
her taper fingers. Then again, it may be  
a student's quarrel, a hasty challenge,  
and, mayhap, if the parties have not the  
good nature or moral courage to settle  
the dispute before-hand, a veritable duel  
conducted with all due secrecy, and usu-  
ally ending in two shots fired at random,  
a reconciliation, and strict preservation  
of the whole occurrence from the sur-  
veillance of the College Faculty. Or, as  
in the instance I propose to relate, one  
may be visited by a terrible experience,  
such as comes to a man only once or  
twice, in a whole life-time—to some, per-  
haps never.

Our University at the time to which I  
refer, was a comparatively new institu-  
tion, and the medical department in its  
infancy; though through the efforts of  
certain liberal and enterprising men of  
note in our profession, was making rapid  
strides in the way of advancement, and  
competition with older and more firmly  
established colleges of learning.

At that time I was beginning my juni-  
or year, and looking eagerly forward to  
my hard-earned diploma. At the conclu-  
sion of my two years' of laborious study,  
it was my design to pay especial atten-  
tion to the two branches, anatomy and  
surgery; but unfortunately for my desired  
researches, our death of "subjects" gave  
little opportunity for those practical  
experiments, without which theory,  
though at one's tongue's end, is but a sorry  
recompense.

I suppose it seems to many persons a  
dreadful thing to dismember a defunct  
body with the dissecting knife. Bless you!  
I understand all that! Have been through  
it myself. Indeed, at the time  
of which I speak, a horde of old supersti-  
tions haunted my heels whenever I took  
the scalpel in hand.

However, I appeal to those whose pre-  
judices are the strongest against the prac-  
tice; is it not a greater kindness towards  
our brother man, if we acquire such skill  
as experience alone can give, through the  
medium of a senseless corpse, than to go  
out into the world trying our bungling



experiments on living subjects, who must  
linger in suffering, perhaps die, because  
we lack that knowledge of the human  
system, and skillfulness in surgery, which  
dissecting alone could have taught us?

Has it ever occurred to your mind, that  
the eccentric gentleman who, on dying,  
willed his body to a scientific institution,  
served as truly a missionary purpose as  
he who crosses the ocean to spend his life  
in ministry among the heathen?

But to return to my narrative. It was  
just at the time of our greatest privation,  
when we had sent far and near to procure  
a subject, and found none forthcoming,  
that some of the class brought intelligence  
of a body which had, that very afternoon  
been interred in the cemetery adjoining  
the town. It was the body of a man, and  
the death had been a sudden one, though  
from no contagious disease. The limited  
illness, as it would leave the system very  
nearly in its natural condition, rendered  
it the more desirable for scientific pur-  
poses.

Under ordinary circumstances, such an  
act as despoiling a grave would never  
have occurred to any of us, at least with  
a view of carrying it out. Indeed, there  
was a law in the college forbidding it,  
under a heavy penalty; but taking in  
consideration all the previously cited cir-  
cumstances, you will perceive how strong  
a temptation confronted us! Of course  
we were bound to the utmost secrecy, and  
could profit by the use of our "forbidden  
fruit" only in the privacy of our individ-  
ual apartments. This was plainly under-  
stood in the beginning.

By twos and threes, we struggled to-  
gether, uttering low comments and sug-  
gestions, until twelve of our number had  
assembled. Together we repaired to the  
lodgings of a classmate, where, secure  
from cavedroppers, or interruption, a  
unanimous vote decided in favor of ob-  
taining possession of the body.

Three of our number were deputed to  
procure it, and as no one volunteered  
they were selected by lot. Nine blanks  
and three crosses were put into a hat. I  
was the first to draw, and brought out a  
cross; then came two blanks, and a cross  
for Dick Rivers, otherwise called the  
"Blow-hard!" four more blanks, and the  
third cross fell to a tall, strapping fellow  
by the name of Matthew Middleton.

We were instructed to raise the body,  
about the hour of midnight, and convey  
it cautiously, through an unfrequented  
by-way as far as Lynn street, and conceal  
it in a closet adjoining the bachelor  
apartments of one of our class, where no  
prying land-lady or curious chamber-  
maid might spy out our secret. The  
coming evening was decided upon as the  
one upon which we were to make the  
attempt. In case of surprise or distur-  
bance, we were to make our way back with  
all possible dispatch, hasten quietly to  
our lodgings and feign ignorance of the  
whole transaction.

Our undertaking would be attended  
with no particular risk, as there was but  
one house in the immediate vicinity to  
the cemetery, and that the dwelling of  
the sexton, a man well into years and  
nearly deaf, as was also his housekeeper,  
familiarly known as Goody Dent.

At ten o'clock, according to appoint-  
ment, I repaired to our rendezvous, and  
found my two companions awaiting me.  
We carried between us, a spade, a rope,  
a chisel, a lantern, and a large, heavy  
yawl sack, in which to wrap the "subject."  
The night was cloudy, and we picked our  
way silently through the dark streets,  
now and then flashing a ray from our  
lantern, on the path ahead.

Arriving at the cemetery, we found the  
gate securely fastened, but easily vaulted  
over the enclosure. The tomb stones  
gleamed dull and white through the murky  
gloom. A violent wind which had  
risen with the setting of the sun, soured  
over the tall grass and shook the willow-  
branches until they lashed each other, as  
in a blind fury. We pressed closely to-  
gether, reassuring ourselves by low-spo-  
ken jests and light conversation.

Our informant had been able to de-  
scribe the exact locality in which the  
corpse had been deposited, and with little  
difficulty we found our way to the freshly  
heaped mound of earth which marked  
the new-made grave. Resolutely we set  
to work, using the spade in turn, until  
at length it struck, with a dull thud,  
upon the coffin lid. After that we pro-  
ceeded with more care, and less speed,  
until the whole top of the coffin was bare.  
This Middleton announced in a strange  
whisper.

"Come out of it then," was Rivers  
quick response. "Your two-hundred  
pounds, avoidupoise will smash the  
whole concern!"  
We drew Middleton out, and I held  
the lantern, while Rivers, who was much  
slighter, but very muscular, descended  
with rope and chisel. I noticed the coffin  
was a very large one, and nearly seven  
feet in length. He unscrewed the lid and  
threw it back.

"Mahomet and all the prophets!" was  
his somewhat irreverent exclamation.  
Peering down, with Middleton over my  
shoulder, I beheld the massive head, and  
giant shoulders of a man in the prime of  
life; his features indicated Norwegian  
descent. Large as was his coffin it fitted  
him snugly.

"The whole lid has got to come off!"  
said Rivers lugubriously. "Nothing less  
will begin to answer." After some dili-  
gent work with the chisel, he lifted the  
lid to one side, setting it up edge-wise.  
The corpse was all of six feet height, and  
would weigh—at a rough guess—two  
hundred and seventy-five pounds. Fast-  
ening the rope to the arms and across the  
shoulders, Rivers climbed up to the edge  
of the cavity, and united his strength with  
ours.

"Here we are!" was his confident asser-

tion; but there came some obstruction and,  
pull and tug as we might, we could not  
raise our burden above a half reclining  
position.

"Come, Brock," put in Middleton,  
"you are the slightest; just you go down.  
Loosen the old fellow's feet, and give us a  
lift under his shoulders; that's a good  
fellow."

I did not much relish the idea of so  
close proximity to my "Norwegian friend"  
as we dubbed the corpse; but ashamed to  
reveal my latent cowardice, sprang readi-  
ly down, and moving the feet, planted my-  
self immediately under the suspended body  
preparing for a vigorous boost. Casting  
my eyes upward, I saw that the moon,  
just broken loose from the clouds, threw  
a broad beam of light athwart the grave.  
At the same instant, the distant town-  
clock began on the stroke of twelve.

A quick exclamation sounded from  
above, followed by a violent concussion,  
which showed me more stars than ever at  
one time spangled the heavens. Then I  
heard rapid, departing footsteps, and all  
was silence. I came to a speedy realiza-  
tion of my position. I was fast wedged  
into the bottom of the coffin, under the  
full weight of that ponderous corpse. My  
cowardly classmates had been frightened  
away, leaving me to combat alone the  
terrors of my frightful situation.

A hand of ice seemed closing about my  
heart, checking its pulsations. A cold  
perspiration broke from every pore. In  
agony of terror I strove to free myself  
from my loathsome prison; but in vain.  
I was exceedingly slender in person, and  
muscular force was proportionately weak.  
Under the most advantageous circum-  
stances I could have lifted scarcely one  
half this weight; now I had fallen in a  
particularly awkward position, which,  
besides being extremely painful, made resis-  
tance doubly difficult. Exert myself as  
I would, I was unable, in the least degree,  
to obtain release.

I shrieked in the extremity of my ter-  
ror. I cried aloud until hoarseness mu-  
ffled my voice to a whisper. I strained  
every nerve until the tension snapped,  
and utterly exhausted, I was powerless to  
move hand or foot.

I counted the seconds as they resolved  
themselves into minutes, and the minutes  
as they progressed towards hours. I re-  
called the faces of friends, some that I  
had not seen for years. Vague and in-  
distinct images came and went before my  
mind's eye, becoming gradually dimmer  
and fainter, until blank unconsciousness  
enveloped my strained faculties in merci-  
ful oblivion.

"Thank heaven, old fellow, that you  
are yet alive. Come, let's hurry up. We  
must be gone from here, before any one  
is stirring."

"The—subject?" I queried faintly.  
"Will remain where it lies, until Gab-  
riel blows his horn," ejaculated Rivers.

"You see," began Middleton, shame-  
facedly, "Rivers and I got a right smart  
scare, just when you went down into that  
grave, and the moon shone out so bright.  
We happened to look behind us, before  
making ready for that last pull, and I  
told you it was enough to make a fellow  
hail stand on ends; that sight we saw.  
It was long and white, and came rolling  
over the ground, making all kinds of  
motions and antics, and just then the  
clock struck for twelve; we called down  
to you to let out for home, and then we  
started."

"Never dreamed but what you were  
tight to our heels, 'pon honor, didn't!"  
broke in Rivers. "Never once thought of  
such a thing as your getting caught in  
that kind of a trap! After we got out,  
and found you not following, we conclu-  
ded you was playing off brave, and had  
sneaked home some other way, to get a  
trick on us. So we went right to your  
rooms, to wait for, and find you out. But  
when it got high morning and you didn't  
come, we got frightened enough about  
you, and waked up Roberts and Willis  
to go back with us and find out what  
was the matter."

"But the goat?" I shuddered, endeav-  
oring to sit up and look about me.

"Oh! that is the joke of it," laughed  
Roberts, who having finished his work,

came up convulsed with merriment. "Do  
you see that strip of linen out yonder,  
that Goody Dent has out bleaching?  
Well, you know the wind was a perfect  
gale, and it blew up the cloth and sent it  
rolling along, and these fellows mistook  
it for a grave-yard specter. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

### One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred and ten years ago there  
was not a single white man in Kentucky,  
Ohio, Indiana or Illinois. Then, what is  
the most flourishing part of America was  
as little known as the country around the  
mysterious mountains of the moon. It  
was not until 1767 that Boone left his  
home in North Carolina, to become the  
first pioneer settler in Kentucky. The  
first pioneer of Ohio did not settle until  
twenty years ago. Canada belonged to  
France, and the population did not ex-  
ceed a million and a half of people. A  
hundred years ago the Great Frederick  
of Prussia was performing those grand  
exploits which have made him immortal  
in military annals, and with his little  
monarchy was sustaining a single con-  
test with Russia, Austria and France,  
the three great powers of Europe com-  
bined. Washington was a modest Vir-  
ginia Colonel, and the great events in  
history of the two worlds in which these  
great but dissimilar men took leading  
parts were then scarcely foreshadowed.  
A hundred years ago the United States  
were the most loyal part of the British  
Empire, and on the political horizon no  
speck indicated the struggle which, with-  
in a score of years thereafter, establish-  
ed the great republic of the world. A  
hundred years ago there were but four  
newspapers in America! Steam engines  
had not been imagined, railroads and  
telegraphs had not entered into the re-  
mote conception of men. When we  
come to look back at it through the vista  
of history, we find that to the century  
just passed has been allotted more im-  
portant events, in their bearing upon the  
happiness of the world, than almost any  
other which has elapsed since the crea-  
tion.—[Dakota Advertiser.

### The Wonders of the World.

This world of ours is filled with won-  
ders. The microscope reveals not less  
than the telescope, each at either end of  
creation. In the insect creation, particu-  
larly, there is so much to know that has  
never been dreamt—wheels within  
wheels, without computation or number.  
Let us take a rapid glance at the proofs  
of the statement. The polypus, it is said,  
like the fabled hydra, receives new life  
from the knife which is lifted to destroy  
it. The fly spider lays an egg as large  
as itself. There are 4,041 muscles in a  
caterpillar. Hooke discovered 14,000  
in the eye of a drone; and to effect the  
respiration of a crap, 13,300 arteries, ves-  
sels, veins, bones, etc., are necessary. The  
body of every spider contains four little  
masses pierced with a multitude of im-  
perceptible holes, each hole permitting  
the passage of thread; all of which threads  
to the amount of 1,000 to each mass join  
together when they come out, and make  
the single thread with which the spider  
spins its web; so that what we call a spi-  
der's web consists of more than 4,009  
united. Lenhewcock by means of mi-  
croscopes, discovered spiders no bigger  
than a grain of sand, and spun threads  
so fine that it took 4,000 of them to equal  
in magnitude a single hair. Lenhewcock  
tells us of insects seen with the micro-  
scope of which 27,000,000 would only  
equal a mite. Insects of various kinds  
may be seen in the cavities of a common  
grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beau-  
tiful trees, with the branches, leaves,  
flowers and fruit. Butterflies are fully  
feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The  
surface of our bodies is covered with  
scales like fish; a single grain of sand  
would cover 150 of these scales, and a  
single scale covers 500 pores; yet through  
these narrow openings the sweat forces it  
self out like water through a sieve. The  
mite makes 500 steps in a second. Each  
drop of stagnant water contains a world  
of animated beings, swimming with lib-  
erty as a whale in the sea. Each leaf has  
a colony of insect life grazing on it lik  
oven in a diendow.